

The Name of Jesus
AND
Other Verses,

FOR THE

Sick & Lonely.

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The Name of Jesus,

AND

OTHER VERSES.

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OTHER VERSES,

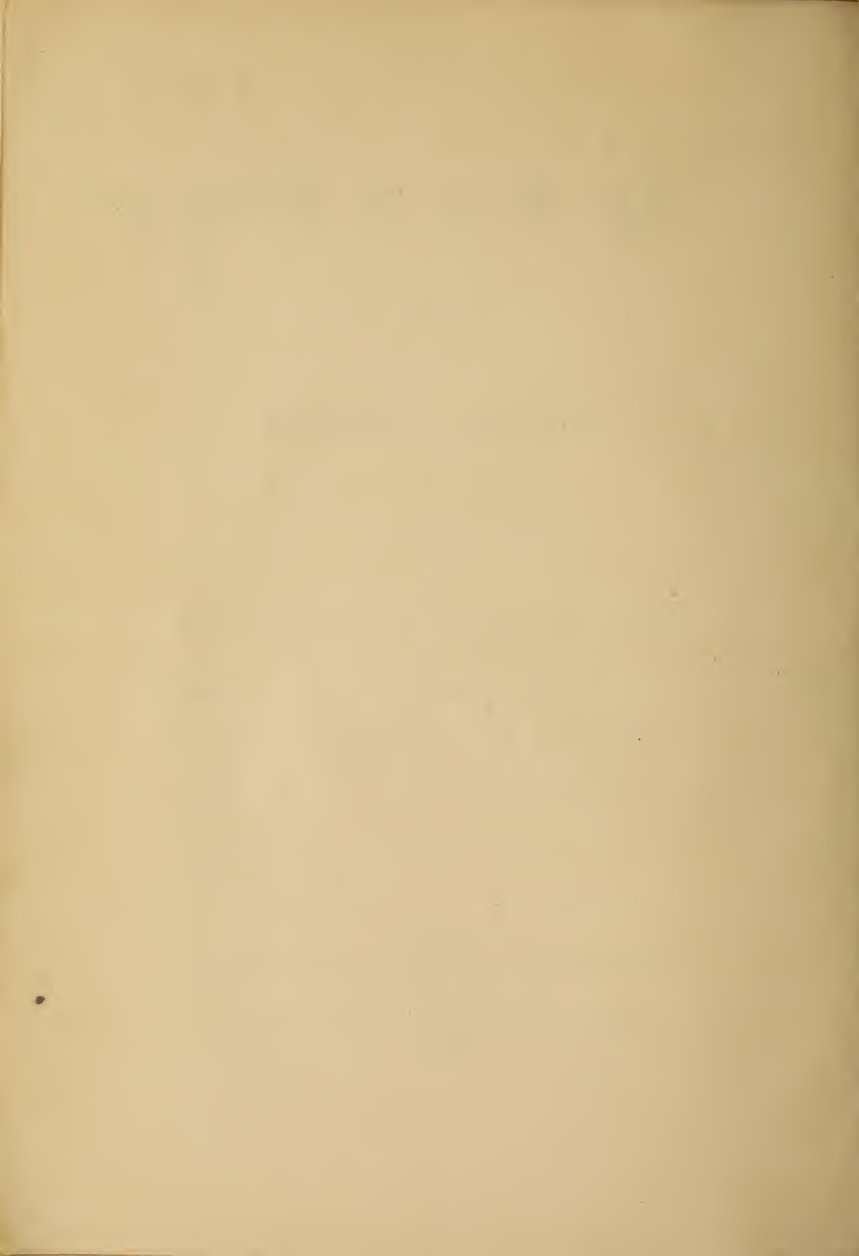
FOR

THE SICK AND LONELY.

[Caroline M

✓✓
Noel]

LONDON:
WERTHEIM, MACINTOSH, AND HUNT,
24, PATERNOSTER ROW,
AND 23, HOLLES STREET, CAVENDISH SQUARE.
1861.



THE Almighty Lord, who is a most strong tower to all them that put their trust in Him, to whom all things in Heaven, in Earth, and under the Earth, do bow and obey, be now and evermore thy defence ; and make thee know and feel, that there is none other Name under Heaven given to Man, in whom, and through whom, thou mayest receive health and Salvation, but only the Name of our Lord Jesus Christ. Amen.

Order for the Visitation of the Sick.

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The Name of Jesus,

AND

OTHER VERSES FOR THE SICK AND LONELY.

THE NAME OF JESUS.

ONE Name alone in all this death-struck Earth,
One Name alone come down from highest Heaven,
Whence healing and Salvation we receive,
To sinful man is given.

Name brought by Gabriel from the Heart of God,
And laid like flower seed in the adoring breast
Of her in whom the mystery was wrought,
And God made manifest :

O Name of Jesus! of that lowly Babe
That on the sunny slopes of Nazareth strayed,
Or on the cottage floor beside the lake,
With wild flowers played :

Name of the wondrous Child, that in the Temple
stood,
With brow all meekness, and with eye all light,
Who to the blinded Teachers of the Law
Would have given sight :

Name of the Prophet, Healer, Master, Friend,
Sorrow's chief mourner, and Death's perfect cure,
The Fountain of new innocence for man,
That ever shall endure ;

The Secret, the unutterable Name,
From the world's earlier ages hid so long,
Now in time's fulness given at length to be
The New Creation's Song :

And yet it was the scorn of Jewish lips,
And written by unholy heathen pen,
Then nailed aloft upon the awful Cross,
Signal to God and men ;

But never written in the dust of Death,
Nor cut upon the portals of the Grave,
So quickly He that threshold has recrossed,
Triumphantly to save.

It dropped from Heaven like gently falling plume,
Just when the shadow of the white cloud fell
Upon the Apostles upward turnèd brows ;
“ Oh wherefore dwell

Ye Galilæans, gazing up so long
Into the clear blue depths ye search in vain ?
Lo ! this same Jesus rising to His Throne,
Shall so return again.”

Once more Heaven sent it down upon the Earth,
When from Love's central Fount the accents came,
And on the persecuting Saul poured down,
In glory and in flame.

O Name of value infinite ! and yet
Thou mov'st our spirits with a deeper thrill,
For the dear lips that have Thy music breathed,
And then grown still.

For Thou the last gift art our lost ones leave,
To be our comfort on our onward way ;
“ Love Jesus,” “ Jesus is our only hope,”
Adoringly they say.

As shipwrecked sailors clasp a plank, and launch
Upon the billows of a midnight Sea,
These fearless souls, embracing “ Jesus,” plunge
Into Eternity :

Then safely floated to the Home of Peace,
Where the bright plumèd Angels throng the shore,
Still, still the Name of Jesus those glad hosts
In Anthems pour.

Name ! that the ransomed souls for ever wear,
Gemmed with pure lustre on each perfect brow,
Be Thou the radiance of our earthly lives ;
Transform us even now.

O Name above all names the most beloved !
Fullest of memories, and of untold peace,
Earnest of all unutterable joys !—
Yet, fond heart, cease,

For Jesus is the Name of the High God :
Hushed be thy thoughts, and silently adore !
When thou shalt come to see Him as He is,
Thou shalt know more.

INDWELLING.

DRAW nigh unto my soul
O Holiest, draw nigh ;
For I have wants within, which Thou
Alone canst satisfy :
O deign to commune with me as I kneel ;
Thy glory in my inmost soul reveal.

Thou speakest in Thy works ;
But wondrous though they be,
They have no voice to utter forth,
' Jesus has died for me : '
They show Thy goodness and Thy power divine,
But O ! they cannot tell me Thou art mine.

Nor is it, Lord, enough
To see Thine Image glow,
Reflected in Thy chosen ones
Militant here below :
Thyself alone can satisfy the heart,
Thou art the only friend Death cannot part.

Pleasant it is to stand
Within Thy temples fair,
To hear Thy Ministers proclaim,
That Thou dost meet us there ;—
To kneel before Thine Altar and partake
The Sacramental food, for Jesu's sake.

But pain and death will come ;
And then, O God, for me
Can Anthem, Litany, and Prayer
In aught availing be ?
The melodies that float through choir and aisle,
While cold in dust my head shall rest the while ?

Draw near and condescend
To take up Thine abode
Within this sinful heart, and dwell
An ever present God.

Must I not be alone with Thee at last ?
O let my life be in Thy presence passed.

Father, my soul would be
Like a transparent haze,
Through which Thy Deity should pour
Its sanctifying rays.
Lord, fill me with Thy fulness ; give me grace
To commune with Jehovah face to face.

Reveal Thyself e'en now
Within that inmost bound,
Where the Immortal Essence dwells
In solitude profound ;
Where thought is lost, and strong emotions keep
Their ceaseless watch above the mystery deep.

Do with me what Thou wilt,
Low at Thy feet I fall ;
Absorb me in Thyself ; be Thou,
Father, my all in all :
Shew me the glorious beauty that is Thine,
And the deep lowliness that should be mine.

GOD OF ALL LOVE AND PITY.

God of all love and pity,
Thy children gently guide ;
With heavenly food supply us,
All needful good provide.

By waters still refresh us,
As patiently we wait,
Till Thou, the fount of brightness,
Our souls illuminate.

Our wishes, and affections,
Our impulses and powers,
We yield unto Thy guidance ;
For they are Thine, not ours.

Our spirits we surrender,
Our purposes resign,
To be conformed for ever,
Unto the Will Divine.

With strong attraction draw us,
Unto Thyself alone,
O King of Saints, and bring us
Unto Thy Sapphire Throne.

And till the morning dawneth
For each tired soul's release,
Sustain us with the brightness,
Of Thine own perfect peace.

THE YOKE.

SAVIOUR ! beneath Thy yoke
My wayward heart doth pine,
All unaccustomed to the stroke
Of love divine :
Thy chastisements, my God, are hard to bear,
Thy Cross is heavy for frail flesh to wear.

“ Perishing child of clay !
Thy sighing I have heard ;
Long have I marked thy evil way
How thou hast erred ;

Yet fear not—by my own most holy Name
I will shed healing through thy sin-sick frame.”

Praise to Thee, gracious Lord !
I fain would be at rest ;
O now fulfil Thy faithful word,
And make me blest :
My soul would lay her heavy burden down,
And take with joyfulness the promised crown.

“ Stay, thou short-sighted child :
There is much first to do ;
Thy heart so long by sin defiled
I must renew :
Thy will must here be taught to bend to Mine,
Or the sweet peace of heaven can ne’er be thine.”

Yea, Lord, but Thou canst soon
Perfect Thy work in me,
Till, like the pure calm summer moon,
I shine by Thee ;
A moment shine, that all Thy power may trace,
Then pass in stillness to my heavenly place.

“ Ah, coward soul ! confess
Thou shrinkest from my cure,
Thou tremblest at the sharp distress
Thou must endure ;
The foes on every hand for war arrayed,
The thorny path in tribulation laid.

“ The process slow of years,
The discipline of life,—
Of outward woes and secret tears,
Sickness and strife,—
The idols taken from thee one by one,
Till thou canst dare to live with me alone.

“ Some gentle souls there are,
Who yield unto my love,
Whom, ripening fast beneath my care,
I soon remove ;
But thou stiff-neckèd art and hard to rule,
Thou must stay longer in affliction’s school.”

My Maker and my King !
Is this Thy love to me ?

O that I had the lightning's wing
From earth to flee,—
How can I bear the heavy weight of woes
Thine indignation on Thy creature throws ?

“Thou canst not, O my child,
So hear my voice again—
I will bear all thy anguish wild,
Thy grief—thy pain ;
My arms shall be around thee day by day,
My smile shall cheer thee on thy heavenward way.

“In sickness I will be
Watching beside thy bed,
In sorrow thou shalt lean on me
Thy aching head.
In every struggle thou shalt conqueror prove,
Nor death itself shall sever from my love.”

O grace beyond compare !
O love most high and pure !
Saviour ! begin, no longer spare—
I can endure :
Only vouchsafe Thy grace that I may live
Unto Thy glory, who canst so forgive.

SUBMISSION.

THE conflict Lord is ended, and Thy grace
Hath now the Victory won,
And taught me thankfully to say,
“Father Thy will be done.”

I scarcely understand how the wild storm,
Thus suddenly should cease;
How the long buffeting should end,
In unexpected peace.

Once it seemed very hard that Thou should'st
choose
What I had loved the most,
To make me say “Thy will be done,”
At such a bitter cost.

But now I see that it was wisest Love,
Claiming its rightful throne;
That in my consecrated heart
Thou mightest reign alone.

My soul is crowded all with silent thoughts,
A hush I cannot tell;
Like the strange pauses in a dream,
One motion may dispel.

What tho' the Future with its unknown depths
Be hidden from my sight;
I know that its untrodden paths
Lead onward into Light.

Yes, I will trust Thee : Thou didst once on Earth
Carry our griefs alone ;
Thou soughtest comforters to help,
And friends, but they were gone.

Thou knowest all my need : upon Thy Care
I utterly depend ;
Thy Patience, that has borne the past,
Will keep me to the end.

CHASTISEMENT.

I HAVE been dumb, and held my peace,
Because the stroke was Thine;
When Thou dost bare Thy holy arm
Omnipotent, Divine,
Shall mortal man, corrupt within,
Complain that Thou dost visit sin?

Thou didst it; Lord. This sorrow came,
Obedient to thy will:
Thy hands have made me; O! in wrath
Remember mercy still.
I will be silent at thy awful throne;
Lord, Thou hast fashion'd me: Thy will be done.

Thou didst it. Thou whose heart of love
Was wounded first for me:
Who passed through mortal life, and bore
Death's deepest agony.
How can I murmur or complain,
When Jesus suffered grief and pain?

Thou didst it; who art watching now
Each pang and heavy sigh:

Yes, I submit, if only Thou
Wilt hold me, and stand nigh :
I will not struggle with the knife
That wounds me, but to save my life.

Thou didst it, who art gone on high,
Where many mansions be,
There to prepare a glorious Home,
And deathless friends for me :
Shall I rebel against the love,
That fits me for my home above ?

Ah no ! e'en through this load of fears,
My heart is springing up,
To thank Thee for the boundless grace,
That overflows my cup.
But I am weak, and cannot always say
"Thy will be done : " remember I am clay.

Put a new song within my lips,
And let my spirit sing ;
I give Thee up my inmost heart,
Saviour, and Priest, and King ;
Take to Thee there at least thy power and reign ;
Henceforth " to live is Christ, to die is gain."

RETROSPECT.

I SOUGHT to praise Thee, but my heart
Went heavily along ;
It seemed too weak with sorrow's smart,
To lift itself in song.

I sought to count Thy mercies o'er,
To view them one by one,
But sighed o'er what may be no more,
Chief blessings that are gone.

Till I am brought to worship now,
E'en for this very grief ;
To praise the mercy with which Thou
Hast kept back all relief.

That, while I struggled and rebelled,
Thou didst in love go on,
Took from me what I tightest held,
And set my heart upon.

That Thou didst lead me into gloom,
Far from the light of Earth,
To shew me it was but a tomb,
And Death my better birth.

And, when enthralled by Earth, I see
Those who in childhood's days
Gathered the buds of Hope with me,—
A deep deep thrill of praise

Echoes along my heart, that I
Am now beside Thy Cross,
Longing by Faith with Thee to die,
And count the world but loss.

Thus in Thy presence now I kneel,
Filled with one deep desire ;
One strong ascending hope I feel
Glow like celestial Fire,

That Thou wilt unto me impart
Thy truth on every side,
To pour o'er my corrupted heart
Its renovating tide.

Hide nothing from me that Thy power
Can make my soul to know,
And from that knowledge cause each hour
A holy Love to grow.

Oh draw me close unto Thy breast,
Close as my soul can come,
And let me there take up my rest,
In my Eternal Home.

A CONTRAST.

STEDFAST, gentle, self forgetting,
Patient, tender, brave and wise,
Bounteous as the dew of morning,
Nobly free from all disguise ;
Thrilling like a harp responsive
To each touch of lofty thought,
And true hearted to remember
The least kindness for thee wrought ;
Brighter and more ardent spirit
Never on this fair earth trod ;
Such thou art amid thy fellows ;—
But oh ! what, unto thy God ?

Cold beneath His touch as marble,
Dark and silent as the grave,
Careless, selfish, and ungrateful,
Scantly serving like a slave—
Scorning the bare thought of yielding
Unto Him thy heart, thy health,
Grudgingly and meanly giving
Of thy time and of thy wealth ;
Living freely on His riches
As thine own, by night and day,
And yet haughtily refusing
By His will to rule thy way.

Pause, O blinded, and consider
How it is these things can be ;
Then unto thy patient Saviour
Turn thee, on low bended knee :
Tenderly He calls and seeks thee
With a long and anxious quest,
Yearning ever to enfold thee
Joyfully unto His breast :—
Love Eternal for thy coldness
Doth not from the search depart,
But still follows, pleading meekly,
“ Child of Earth, give Me thine heart.”

From His glory He descended,
For thy sins to mourn and die ;
Then from out the grave returning,
He ascended to the sky ;
Whence He poureth out His Spirit,
Offering to thee gifts untold ;—
Of these marvels now thou hearest
With unloving heart and cold :
Noble, gentle, self forgetting,
In earth's best affections rife,
There is yet one thing thou lackest—
'Tis the Spirit's breath of Life.

SELF ACCUSATION.

IN the white robes of His Priesthood,
On the Mediator's Throne,
Christ receives each one who cometh
His transgressions there to own.

Thou *must* meet Him in the Judgment
In His awful power arrayed,
To Him first, as Intercessor,
Be thine inmost life displayed.

E'en to half reluctant suppliants
Meekly He inclines his ear,
Catches every broken utterance,
Every moving pulse of fear.

If for words too much bewildered,
If thou dare not seek His face,
Silent lay thy heart before Him,
He will understand its case.

Only long to be delivered
From each remnant of disguise,
Only let Him lay in ruins,
All thy refuges of lies;

Only strive to say, "My Saviour,"
As thou liest at His feet;
He can from thy dust and ashes
Spotless holiness complete.

Through the new strange stillness round thee,
Through the palpitating air,
A new dawn will steal upon thee,
How, thou canst not tell, nor where.

Piercèd hands will touch and bless thee,
Words descend from Highest Heaven,
Breathing through thy heart's recesses,
"O ! my child thou art forgiven."

DISAPPOINTMENT.

ALL round the rolling world both night and day,
A ceaseless voice ascends from those who pray,
"Thy will be done on earth, as now in Heaven ;
Unto our souls a perfect choice be given."

All round the rolling world both night and day,
A ceaseless answer comes to those who pray :—
By shattered hopes, crossed plans, and fruitless pains,
Thy Heavenly Master thine allegiance trains.

Guessing some portion of His great design
Thou seek'st to forward it by ways of thine :
He, who the whole disposes as is meet
Sees a necessity for thy defeat.

Yet to the faithful there is no such thing
As disappointment; failures only bring
A gentle pang, as peacefully they say,
“His purpose stands, tho’ mine has passed away.”

All is fulfilling, all is working still,
To teach thee flexibility of will;
To great achievements let thy wishes soar,—
Yet meek submission pleases Christ still more.

When Love’s long discipline is overpast,
Thy will too shall be done with His at last,
When all is perfected—and thou dost stand,
Robed, crowned, and glorified at His Right Hand.

THE DIVINE INFANCY.

HOME of the Christ-child at Nazareth,
Let my thoughts within thee dwell;
There, where shrouded in man’s weakness,
Dwelleth Light Ineffable!

Angels circle round adoring,
 Watchful, as the hours go by,
As the Mystery advanceth
 Of that wondrous Infancy.

Cradled by a human Mother,
 Though with grace Divine imprest
Playing with soft aimless touches
 On her cheek and on her breast.

In the water from the fountain,
 Mid the Oleanders wild,
In the early Morn and Evening
 Mary bathes the unsullied Child.

When the soft blue veins shew clearer
 In the water's liquid gleam,
Oh ! how little thinks that Mother
 Of the pure life-giving stream,

That a Gentile spear shall open
 In that gracious tender side,
For the healing of the Nations,
 For a Covenant world-wide.

Joyfully she clothes and feeds Him,
And she trains Him day by day,
Till the beautiful Child Jesus
Has at last been taught to pray !

Humbly were the small Hands folded,
Bended was the golden Head :
But God only, in the Heavens,
Understood the prayer He said.

For of all the cries and pleadings
That have yet ascended there,
None has ever come before Him,
Mighty as that Infant's prayer.

'Twas the highest act of homage,
That the World has ever shewn ;
And the purest pulse of worship,
That Man's heart has ever known.

Then He learned to be obedient,
And with simple winning grace,
In the precincts of that cottage,
He has filled a child's true place.

And the Name at which Archangels
Bow adoring, and say "Lord,"
In that peasant Home was spoken,
As a common household word.

Saviour ! by Thy cradle kneeling,
I with shame my Pride confess ;
By Thy Holy Incarnation,
Cleanse me from its bitterness.

In Thy Life I would be hidden ;
From self seeking let me cease ;
Breathe upon me from Thy Childhood
Its unutterable Peace.

As my spirit ripens onwards,
Let it take the mould of Thine ;
In Thy lowliness abiding,
In an infancy divine.

BETHANY.

Six days before the Passover,
The blessed Saviour came
To Bethany, where He remained,
Until His hour of shame;
His last abode was in the home
Of Lazarus His friend;
Those He had loved while in the world,
He loved unto the end.

The shadow of the Passion lay,
Brooding on all around,
Though what it meant they could not know,
Its depth was too profound
For mortal eye to search it out,—
Though woman's* love might see
Further than most into the shade
Of that great Mystery.

His sacred Heart in its lone depths
Was heaving at the thought,

* St. Matt. xxvi. 12.

That human nature's perfectness
Through suffering must be wrought.
And yet He set His face to go
With firm endurance on,
And rose above the nature weak
That clothed the Eternal Son :

And He did then for evermore
That form of trial bless,
If only sinking hearts to Him
Will turn in their distress ;
One ray of glory in the Crown
That on His brows is set,
Is drawn from those deep pangs of Fear
He never can forget.

Not for Himself alone He fears,—
That all foreseeing Eye,
Distinguishes each single throb,
Of human agony ;
He wept, o'er every closing grave,
Unto the end of Time ;
His soul drank in the rising swell
Of Sorrow's awful chime.

He took full measure of the grief
Of every separate Saint,
As one by one, each on his cross,
Must tremble and grow faint ;
He knew, though He had given them Rest,
They first must find sore strife,
Must seek e'en through the gates of Death
His promised gift of Life.

Yet even then His joy arose
For ever to increase,
In knowing that this suffering host
Would find in Him their peace ;
The travail of His soul might bow
That sacred Head to earth,
Yet He is satisfied to see
The new Creation's birth.

He feels the presence of meek love
Already at His side,
The gentle ones who cling to Him
And breast the world's strong tide ;
He sees the eyes that to Him turn,
The hands that seek His own,
Those who in sharpest discipline,
Trust Him, and Him alone.

Apostles, Martyrs, the long line
Of royal, warrior souls,
Flash on Him their triumphant smiles
From where the Future rolls ;
The white robed multitude, whom none
Can number or declare,
Waft Him their floating voice of praise
Already on the air.

Lord ! since our griefs on Thee were laid,
And Thou hast felt their sting,
Help us in holiest calm to take
Our turn of suffering :
Thou didst look on unto Thy Joy,
And so by grace will we,
But we would clasp Thy Cross, and feel
We owe that Joy to Thee.

WOMAN'S COMMISSION.

St. John xx. 17.

WHEN upon Easter morn
The risen Saviour came
To Mary, as she kept
Beside His grave, and wept,
He called her name.

Without one shade of doubt
Her heart replied, "my Lord :"
The Mystery received
Of Life thro' Death achieved,
Her faith adored.

Unto that perfect Faith
Christ gave at once employ;
Not to embrace His Feet
In trance of rapture sweet,
But nobler joy

To publish the great fruits
Self-sacrifice had borne—
Christ risen, rising still
Proclaiming by His will
To hearts that mourn.

"Go, say that I ascend,
Unto my Father's throne,
My Father and *my* God,
Your Father, and *your* God,
Not mine alone."

O! woman take thy stand
 Upon this high position,
And faithfully hand on,
Till death itself is gone,
 This great Commission.

The Apostolic Line
 No higher message bear ;
They who the world must roam,
And thou, within thy home,
 One glory share.

Teach it thy Brother's soul,
 By full unselfish love,
By consecrated youth,
By lips of stainless truth,
 Hopes fixed above.

Throned on thy Husband's heart,
 Whisper the message there,
And let him all around,
Within Home's guarded bound,
 Breathe heavenly air.

And let the risen life
 Beating within thy breast
Cradle the sleeping Boy,
In a deep hush of joy,
 Laid there to rest.

Yea, teach the saving truth
 To every son of thine,
His passions to controul,
To waken in his soul
 The Life Divine.

And lonely ones as well,
 With all your untold store
Of love still garnered in :
To spend it, Oh ! begin—
 Give Christ your store.

Wherever human hearts,
 In high or low estate,
Waste upon earth and sense
Hopes that should soar from thence,
 Your work doth wait.

Behold it lies outspread,
In Christ's strength then arise;
Fix on the misery round,
The sin that doth abound,
Pure, fearless eyes.

To you the Voice still speaks
"Go, say that I ascend
Unto my Father's throne,
Your's and not mine alone,
His Gift to send."

O Woman ! then work on
Beneath thy Saviour's eyes,
Thy joy is yet to come,
Thy peaceful perfect Home
Is in the skies.

DAY-BREAK.

St. John xxi.

THE night is dark, and this long toil
Not yet has reached its close :
Faint and disheartened, my soul longs
For light and for repose.

The heaving sea, the moaning wind,
They toss me to and fro,
My net hath swept all round my bark
But yet no spoil I show.

The past possesses me—my sins
In all their shame appear ;
Ungrateful, cowardly, and vain,
Myself I hate and fear.

Shall I be always thus, and fall
When highest good I seek,
With love so passionately strong
Yet treacherously weak ?

He knows my love, He has forgiven :
But can He make me whole ?
He raised the dead, but can He give
Life to a dying soul ?

It seems a dream that He has been
Once more amongst His own,
That we have heard Him breathing Peace,
In that familiar tone.

Then *is* there Conquest over Death
And Victory o'er the grave ?
And will He henceforth have all power
In Heaven and Earth to save ?

Oh that I knew where I might find
His place of dwelling now,
And kneeling under those pierced Hands
Renew each broken vow.

He draws me, wins me, I am His ;
Yes, His whom I denied :
Perchance He yet may let me dare,
And suffer at His side.

These baffling mists and blinding spray
Hang cold upon my brow ;
Yet the day breaks, the shadows fall
Outstretched behind me now.

And dimly on the distant strand,
Just touched with morning light,
I see a Form,—now half revealed,
Now shrouded from the sight.

There is a Banquet on that shore
A Voice says, “ come and dine :
Yea, feed on Me, and fill at last
That longing heart of thine.”

The yearning deepens, strengthens, swells—
Success cannot beguile :
That which through life I’ve toiled to win,
Seems worthless by His smile.

I come, I come—though cold the waves,
Though steep the shore may be ;
I come from earth, from death, from self,
To be made one with Thee.

"No man can say that Jesus is the Lord but by the Holy Ghost."

I. *Cor.* xii. 3.

JESUS, our Lord and King! Ah! pause and see
Whose power it is by which we homage give;
For Pilate wrote upon the accursèd tree
In royal style, that Name by which we live.

Are there not Pilates evermore, who say
"Lord, Lord," and crave to see some deed of might
Who will not learn His Will nor yet obey,
But crucify the silent Lord of Light?

Those blessèd feet that walked Gennesaret's waves,
Soon after trod the blue elastic air,
And mounted where the Sapphire glory paves
The Throne which He will worship now and share.

But who shall comfort, now that He is gone,
And keep in our remembrance what He taught?
Moulding our acts as He would have them done,
Cleansing the springs of action and of thought?

Ten days past on before the answer came,
Ten slow expectant days of ceaseless prayer;
Then a swift rushing wind and tongues of flame,
The Presence of an unseen Power declare.

He who of old within the triple Life
Of the Eternal Godhead moved and wrought,
And from Earth's darkness and chaotic strife
A world of perfect good and order brought ;

He who by perfect fellowship abode
In the Humanity of God's own Son,
From thence descends mysteriously endowed
With power to help and heal us one by one.

He is the Spirit of the Son indeed,
Co-equal in Humility and Love,
In that strong Patience which can mourn and bleed
But never from the soul it loves remove.

For eighteen hundred years has He remained
Quickening, transforming, working as He will
Quenched, scorned, forgotten, limited, and pained,
He, in His meekness, lingers with us still.

All growth in wisdom, all pure Love's increase,
All noble daring and endurance meek,
All battles for the Truth, all sighs for Peace,
The Presence of the Comforter bespeak.

We seem divided, scattered, and alone,
With sounds of strife the tranquil Heavens ring :
Meanwhile He binds us all and every one
In bands of growing union to our King.

We pray for Holiness, then deeply sin ;
Now we presume, then angrily despair ;
He bears our wilfulness, He pleads within
Unuttered moans that never thrill the air.

His breath too stirs all prayer that doth rejoice
To rise like incense to the Central Sun,
All praise is the intoning of His Voice,
Swelling from whispers in the heart begun.

O ! Spirit of our spirit, Life's pure Fount !
True Friend of the true Bridegroom whom we wait,
Reveal Him clearer to our Souls, that mount
With keen expectance towards their promised state.

Tis not enough that He our place prepares,
 With Beauty infinite adorns our Home,
And by the power of His unceasing prayers
 Prevails, that those He loves shall thither come.

We would be like Him whom we call our Lord,
 We would reflect the Image that we love,
Oh chasten our whole being to accord
 With the deep tides of life that in Him move,

Thou gracious Spirit! Comforter most meek!
 As Christ His glory veiled in flesh of man,
So Thou Thy Godhead dost conceal in weak
 Blind spirits, who Thy working cannot scan.

But when He comes for whom we hourly pray,
 And we are one with Him in heart and mind,
He will unfold to us the wondrous way
 In which thy Love and His for us combined.

Till then we yield ourselves in deepest trust
 Into Thy hands, their impress to receive;
We would adore Thee, humbled to the dust;
 Oh Holy Ghost we do in Thee believe.

HIDE ME.

HIDE me Lord, for I am weary,
Weary of the world's hard ways;
Of its foolish blame and wonder,
Of its yet more foolish praise.

Men will judge with blind half knowledge,
Though Christ said "Judge not at all :"
Let Thy glance of perfect insight,
Now upon my spirit fall.

Men must work with noise and clamour,
Thou dost work in silence sweet :
For a while Thou hast withdrawn me
To lie quiet at Thy feet.

Hide me from the mists of error
In my own vain heart that rise ;
From its fears and perturbations,
From its selfishness and lies.

Hide me in the time of Sorrow,
When each nerve is on the strain ;
Compass me with loving kindness,
When Thou scourgest me with Pain.

Hide me from the craft of Satan,
From his kindling breath of flame,
From his arrowy temptation,
Sent with an unerring aim.

Be Thou close at hand to hide me
When the hour of Death draws near ;
When I tremble to be parted,
From the flesh that veils me here.

Hide me, in Thy mercy hide me,
Till I once have seen Thy face !—
Then, my Saviour, then unveil me,
As a faultless work of grace.

In the presence of Thy glory,
Safe for ever at Thy feet,
I, at last, shall hold communion
With the souls I yearn to greet.

Oh ! what joyful revelations
Of enduring patient Love ;
Oh ! what infinite expansion
The long-guarded heart shall prove.

Blending, melting, in each other,
Without let or thought of fear,
All the hindrances there vanish
Utterly, that hold us here.

With full insight understanding,
Thy great work within each soul,
New varieties of Glory,
Every history will unroll.

Soaring thro' the golden ether,
Piercing it like shafts of flame,
Rise the notes of adoration
To the source from whence they came.

As the Prayer of prayers is answered,
" I in them, and Thou in Me ; "*
Perfect all, in One, for Ever,,
Trinity in Unity.

* St. John xvii. 23.

HOLY COMMUNION.

SAVIOUR above all heavens ascended high,
With Angels and Archangels waiting nigh,
Yet still a wounded Lamb upon the throne,
Still with a human heart remembering Thine own,

O Priest ! O Victim ! who Thy prayer dost pour
For me as for the ransomed gone before,
Grant me by Faith that Sacrifice to see,
And thus my whole heart Lord to offer up to Thee.

Pour out Thy Spirit on Thy Church below,
Where Thy forgiven children humbly bow,
Thou whom no limit and no bound can hold,
The secret of Thy Presence, unto us unfold.

Thine all obedient Life, Thy Death we plead,
Upon the Sacred Elements we feed :
We mourn that night whence most our Healing
 springs,
When thirty silver pieces bought the King of Kings !

Man sold God's life for money mean and small,
To ransom man the Saviour gave His all :
We hide our faces,—would our hearts might break,
As prostrate at Thy Throne, the gifts of Love we take.

O Love Omnipotent ! this will of mine
Shall yet obey Thy gentleness Divine :
Death and Hell fall before Thee, none may say
Where Love will pause upon its all victorious way.

Thou know'st I cannot love Thee as I would,
But yet abide with me my only Good !
The evening of my days is hastening on,
The journey of my life, must now be well nigh done.

The way is desert, difficult, and long,
Temptations thicken and the foe is strong ;
All is tumultuous and perplexing here,—
Draw up my heart, where undivided Truth shines clear.

To the Church Catholic that is at rest,
In Thine own Glory perfected and blest ;
Whatever darkness on our path may be,
They hold bright fellowship with the Eternal Three :

In spirit let me share their full repose,
Their calm pure heart, in which Thine image glows;
Their blissful hope of Joys more glorious still,
Their deep complacency in Thine all Holy Will.

I know Thee Saviour! walking at my side;
Through Earth's last shadows be Thou still my guide;
Then calm as ripples dying on the strand,
Be my transition to the undefiled land.

THE NET

IN the outskirts of the Kingdom,
Toiling amidst lowest things,
God doth educate the spirit,
Searching out its inmost springs.

Common things have gathered meaning,
All are charms of Heavenly power,
By His shaping, who from evil
Causes purest good to flower.

Words Divine, and Prayers and Blessings,
Sorrows, Sacraments, and Alms,
Humble souls with care o'er-wearied,
Bended knees and folded palms ;

These are working wondrous changes,
Unperceived except by Faith,
Gathering for the Eternal harvest
Life from out the mass of Death.

These their wondrous web are casting
Unperceived in the deep sea,
In whose meshes float unheeding,
Those who fancy they are free ;

Till the strong sure hand of Power
Draws them on unto the shore ;—
Lord ! Thy Net cannot be broken,
We are Thine for Evermore.

ASSOCIATIONS.

OUR hearts are overcharged with memories sweet
Of those whom we love best :
Why are the memories so slow to rise
Of Him Earth's dearest guest ?

We know the story, old yet ever new,
Of how He came to save,
And dwelt as Very Man with brother men,
From childhood to the grave.

And Earth has tokens manifold and fair,
Which He has touched with light ;
Memorials of His blessèd Presence throng,
For ever on our sight.

Our human life, our daily food,
The flowers along the way,
All glorious and all common things,
That meet us day by day.

From the first early flush of rosy dawn,
 To midnight's solemn skies ;
From the young carols of the opening Spring,
 To where the Autumn sighs ;

From the fair tender form of infant life
 We in the cradle lay,
To where beside the bier of manhood's strength
 We cast ourselves to pray ;

Thoughts of the Christ should rise at every turn,
 And hold us all day long :
Alone, or when in crowds, each heart should hear
 That blessed under song,

Which upon Nature's harp is whispering still
 Its soft undying strain,
Moving the wakeful soul with deep desire,
 To see His face again.

But chiefly ye, on whom His gracious Hand
 Has made the sacred sign,
The cross of Suffering,—who have meekly bowed,
 To bear that brand Divine ;

For pain and weakness make Him to our hearts
Nearer and dearer seem,
Till life becomes a story, sweet tho' sad,
Of which He is the theme.

WAITING.

LORD of my nights and days!
Let my desire be,
Not to be rid of Earth,
But nearer Thee—

If I may nearer draw
Thro' lengthened grief and pain,
Then to continue here,
Must be my gain;

Till I have strengthened been,
To take a wider grasp,
Of that Eternal Life,
I long to clasp;

Till I am so refined,
 I can the glory bear
Of that excess of Joy,
 I thirst to share ;

Till I am meet to gaze
 On Uncreated Light,
Transformed and perfected
 By that new sight.

Sorrow's long lesson o'er,
 Death's discipline gone through,
Thou wilt unfold to me
 What Joy can do.

Glad souls are on the wing,
 From Earth to Heaven they flee :
At last Thine hour will come
 To send for me.

Reveal the Mighty Love,
 That binds Thy Heart to mine :
Thy Counsels and my will
 Should intertwine.

Lord of my heart and hopes !
Let my desire be,
Not to be rid of Earth,
But one with Thee.

THE REDEMPTION OF THE BODY.

Out of the dust God formed man's flesh to be
Deathless and fair ;
Man sinned, his robe of innocence was gone
And left him bare :

Exposed to every form of misery,
Disease, and pain,
Till, when Death's cruel work is done, he turns
To dust again.

Death reigned supremely, tyrannously strong
Four thousand years—
The generations of mankind went down
Mid hopeless tears—

At last there fell a sound through the night air,
The Heavens were stirred—
But on the dull deaf Earth, only a few
Poor Shepherds heard.

The sky was gleaming with the wondrous light
Of a strange Star :
But only three Wise Men perceived it there,
And came from far.

Yet ne'er before did such mysterious Night
Enshroud the Earth—
For in it this poor sinful race received
A second birth,

When in the feeble dying flesh of Man,
A Babe forlorn,
The Life that from Eternity had been,
In Time was born.

So God became Death's subject, e'en as we,
And freely gave
That sacred, sinless body to the Cross,
And then the Grave.

Death triumphed, and believed that on the Cross
Life's Sceptre broke—
But Christ arose, and Death for evermore
Must wear His yoke ;

No Tyrant now, but servant, whose chief task
Is to unbind
The chains, by which the children of the King
Are here confined :

For since Christ's body rose from out the Tomb
And sought the skies,
So the whole race of man now joined to Him,
Like Him *must* rise.

Oh ! false ungrateful words to call the Grave
Man's long last Home !
'Tis but a lodging, held from week to week,
Till Christ shall come.

It is a Store of which Christ keeps the key,
Where in each cell
Are laid in Hope, the vestments of the souls
He loves so well :

And when He comes upon His marriage morn
 In Light arrayed,
He will invest His own with those same forms,
 All glorious made.

O Saviour of the Body Mystical !
 Of flesh and blood,
Which cannot enter into Life but through
 Jordan's dark flood—

Save us, for we are Thine by bond and pledge :
 To Thee we trust
That which we hold most precious, when we say,
 "Dust unto Dust."

HOME.

"HOME, home," she cried exulting,
 "Death is a glorious Birth,"
Then gently slipped her shackles,
 And sprang away from Earth :

The Angels caught her softly,
And bore her up the steep,
The gold gates closed behind her,
And we remain to weep.

Ah ! would she so advise us,
Could she lean from out the blue ?
And that sweet voice steal o'er us
Refreshing as the dew ?
“ Weep ye that I have entered
My Father's House above,
And resting from all sorrow,
Am perfected in Love ? ”

“ Beside my grave oh weep not,
Nor say I'm lying there,
Turn up your faces Heavenwards,
Into the sun-lit air ;
Think how I'm far above you
In “ Everlasting Spring ”,
In the Imperial City,
And Presence of the King.”

“ Lost in His Light of Glory,
For which He made me meet,

I rest in adoration
Down at His sacred Feet ;
From the wasting of long sickness,
From the weariness of life,
From throes of helpless pity,
And the useless din of strife ;”

“ From the burning shame of finding
A traitor deep within,
From battles long with error,
And struggles fierce with sin,
From the haunting of sweet voices
That through my spirit rang,
From walking in waste places,
And life’s long hunger-pang ;”

“ From wounding misconstructions,
From unappeasèd claims,
From unsuccessful labours,
From disappointed aims,
From all these He has freed me
By His victorious Hand,
Will not ye too then hasten
To this Immortal Land ?”

“ The trumpet note of welcome
Is always on the blast,
It has no time to die away,
The souls come in so fast :
Then faint not ye Belovèd,
But let Hope conquer Sorrow,
These Golden Gates shall open
To let you in to-morrow.”

REST.

O JESUS Merciful ! bend down
In Thy compassions deep,
As sleepless and alone I lie,
And watch beside me keep.

There is a holier sweeter rest
Than the lulling of this pain ;
And a deeper calm than that which sleep
Sheds over heart and brain.

It is the soul's surrendered choice,
The settling of the Will,
Lying down gently on the Cross
God's purpose to fulfil.

For this I need Thy Presence, Lord,
My hand held close in Thine : *
Infuse now through my spirit faint,
An energy divine.

Feed me with Love, imprint on me
Thine awful kiss of Peace :
Let me be still upon Thy Breast,
Nor struggle for release.

And sanctify my weakness, Lord ;
Nature's extreme distress,
Is just the time when it may learn,
God's glory to express.

Stamp in, O ! God, at any cost
The likeness of thy Son :
Filial submission to Thy Will
Is Heaven itself begun.

* Is. xli. 13.

OFFERINGS.

LORD I had planned to do Thee service true,
To be more humbly watchful unto Prayer,
More faithful in obedience to Thy Word,
More bent to put away all earthly care.

I thought of sad hearts comforted and healed,
Of wanderers turned into the pleasant way,
Of little ones preserved from sinful snare,
Of dark homes brightened with a heavenly ray ;

Of time all consecrated to Thy will,
Of strength spent gladly for Thee day by day,
When suddenly the heavenly mandate came
That I should give it all, at once, away.

Thy blessèd Hand came forth, and laid me down,
Turned every beating pulse to throbs of pain,
Hushed all my prayers into one feeble cry,
Then bid me to believe that loss was Gain.

And *was* it loss to have indulged such hopes?
Nay, they were gifts from out the Inner Shrine,—
Garlands, that I might hang about Thy Cross,
Gems to surrender at the call Divine.

As chiselled Image unresisting lies,
In niche by its own Sculptor's hand designed,
So to my unemployed and silent life,
Let me in quiet meekness be resigned.

If works of Faith, and labours sweet of Love
May not be mine, yet patient Hope can be
Within my heart, like a bright Censer's fire,
With incense of Thanksgiving mounting free.

Thou art our Pattern to the end of Time,
O Crucified! and perfect is Thy Will;
The Workers follow Thee in doing good,
The Helpless think of Calvary and are still.

WEARINESS.

O PAIN perpetual! wearing strength away
While spirits flag and fail,
And all the many-coloured hues of life
Have faded, and grown pale.

O! thoughts unwedded to the deeds ye seek!
Life that all fruitless seems—
Long dull inaction, yet without repose;
All feeling, fear, and dreams!

'Tis thine infirmity, impatient soul:
Remember now the years
That are at God's right hand, and cast away
Thy grievances, and fears,

Think of the Infinite Abyss of Peace
In which thy lot shall be,
Where Ages are but ripples that run o'er
Eternity's deep sea.

Give thou God leisure to prepare thee for
That destiny sublime,
When e'en with lifeless things His Hand works on,
Unheeding Space and Time.

Listen ! borne inland from the rocky coast,
Comes the wild voice of waves,
Which for uncounted centuries have toiled,
Among the deep Sea-caves.

This ray from yon fair Star serenely bright
Now broken in thy tears,
Had travelled onwards, ere it reached thine eyes,
For sixty thousand years !

When times and spaces of such vast extent,
Before thy thoughts combine,
Into a momentary pang shrinks up,
This long, long pain, of thine.

Then, if thy weary heart recoils and faints
At such high wondrous ways,
Turn where the great Creator bears a Life
Which thou canst count by days.

A few hours' Agony, the Bloody Sweat
From that sunk Form has wrung ;
And a few more have brought Him to the Cross,
To die when He was young.

Strive thou in Soul to sympathize with Him,
The Infinitely great :
For He has stooped to understand, and share,
The weakness of thy state.

Give thanks ; the Lord is patient ; He will work
A perfect work in thee :
And grudge no time to make thee fit to bear,
Joy for Eternity.

GOOD NIGHT.

Good Night, Good Night, the dreams of Earth are ended,
Its glory and its passion passed away,
And a new Sense, of joy and terror blended,
Holds all my heart in its resistless sway :

The things of Time are fading from my eyes,
The Unseen encircles me with strange surprise.

When I look back upon the way I've wandered,
The wasted Energies, the Time misspent,
Wealth, Hopes, Affections, all too often squandered,
That might have been to Heaven before me sent,
My strength is turned to weakness at the sight :
The time for toil is past ; Good Night, Good Night.

There is one only Hope for souls repenting,
With heart and work alas ! all incomplete ;
It is the Cross which spans both Worlds, presenting
A pathway sure, for the most feeble feet ;
I see it now, outspread in all its might ;
Who trusts that Bridge is safe. Good Night, Good Night.

Prepare me then, Beloved, the Food Immortal,
To strengthen me upon my wondrous way,
And go thou with me to the furthest portal
To which companion footsteps yet may stray ;
Then hide thine eyes, with their soft pleading light,
For I depart alone : Good Night, Good Night.

Let those dear lips yet once, once more caress me,
Then pause awhile until the Morn shall come ;
For when with eager joy again they press me,
'Twill be within our Father's House, our Home,
Among His gathered Children, pure and bright,
Within the Land where there is no more Night.

DEATH.

O ! MOURNERS, call not that a Home,
Over whose threshold Death can come ;
Call it a sacred Shrine for Prayer,
A Sphere for Love and Duty fair,
A Place in which to train Man's heart,
For Sympathy to do its part ;
But oh ! wherever Death can come,
In mercy call not *that* a Home.

Yet Death is kinder than of old,
E'en though he still must rob the fold :
He stands beside the quiet Dead,
Points an entire life outspread,

A character in all complete,
A written history most sweet,
That we may muse upon it well,
And to our sinking spirits tell,
How Faith and Hope had guided on
Until the latest Fears were gone ;
Until God's Image was displayed,
And saintly Patience perfect made.
Death's final seal is deep imprest,
On thoughts and memories so blest ;
It can be only when we slight,
The value of their tender light,
And of their onward guiding ray,
That we can e'er refuse to say,
Although it be with failing breath,
" O ! fearful and yet gentle Death !
Take from us our Beloved away,
We would not, could not, bid them stay,
None other can teach love like thee,
Love to endure Eternally "—

Joy too, Death's Angel brings to light,
Unto the purged and steadfast sight.
Oh ! not for mighty Temples planned,
Or finished work by Genius spanned,

Conceptions of the highest Art,
Realized nobly in each part;
Not roseate lights in Sunset skies,
Glories o'erflooding heart and eyes;
Not for a long desired birth,
Or for that fairest lot of earth,
When equal hearts in union blest
Are met for evermore at rest,
Can we rejoice with joy so pure,
So calmly certain to endure,
As when an unrepeatd sigh,
Then a deep stillness brooding nigh,
Tells that the unchained soul has flown
There, where before her prayers had gone,
Home, from this scene of grief and wars,
Home, blue and high, beyond the Stars.
Then strong in patience we can wait,
E'en at the Grave's unclosing gate,
While deep within, Death plants our seed,
For we are then most sure indeed,
That Spring's bright Day will bring the hour,
When our Immortal plant shall flower.

Sad and faint-hearted ! courage then !
And struggle on like earnest Men,
Those closed and seeming sleeping eyes,
Are watching you from out the skies ;

The Past, into God's Sight is gone,
The day now Present, fleeteth on,
What of the Future? O! my King,
The Heavenly Hallelujahs ring,
Within the Home that Thou hast found,
Where Love and Life at last are Crowned!

SELF DEDICATION.

CLOSE those white eyelids—kiss them—then obey:—
Duty's behests must meet with no delay;
Lay down thy Memories, thy Hopes most fair,
And let the Past be all extinguished there;
Extinguished for a moment, but to rise
Bright and immortal in Love's native Skies;
Extinguished for a moment, that thy Pain
May die for ever, and pure Joy remain.

Look up! Heaven's gate upon its silent hinge
Is quickly closing—yet a gleaming fringe
Of Glory edges the still open door;
Send in thine heart—swift—and for evermore.
Be His alone, who died to win thy love;
Be His, all His, who pleads for thee above;

Work with Him meekly as His hands unwind
The tangled web, that Earth has round thee twined ;
Work for Him truly in Life's daily task,
And what the Future hides, nor fear nor ask ;
Seek His Will only—leave to Him the rest,
And toil or suffer as shall please Him best.

Look onwards !—Hush !—the Marriage is complete,
The Banquet is prepared, the Virgins meet :
The Angels' snowy, opal-tinted wings,
Are folded, and the Harpers hush their strings,
As stands the Bridegroom, Conqueror, King, and
Priest

To pour His Benediction on the Feast.
The Bride adoring, thinks upon that hour
Ere her Lord gave Himself to Death's dark power,
When at that Passover He lifted up
His eyes to Heaven, and having given the Cup,
He said, * “O ! Father, I Thy work have done,
“Into Thy glory now recal Thy Son—
“I will that she I ransom as My Bride
“Be with Me, in My glory at Thy side.”
And the strong might of that prevailing Prayer
Has brought her to His Throne and Glory there—
Uplift the Trumpets, let the Harpstrings go,
The voice of many waters now may flow.

* St. John xvii., 4, 5, 24.

THANKSGIVING.

YET one more strain of Joy and Triumph holy,
For a new work achieved and Victory won ;
Another Vessel in the Haven anchored,
Another Warfare well and nobly done.

Yet one more Flag is on the ramparts floating,
Yet one more Footstep on the Crystal Sea,
Another Harp has joined the "many waters,"
Another Soul the Kingdom of the Free.

O ! Lord our God, we give Thee thanks unfeignèd,
For our Beloved who walk with Thee, in white,
E'en though our path below must now be shaded,
By heavy clouds that hide them from our sight.

And Lord ! that love, which Thou hast given us for
them,

We weeping, offer to be kept on high,
Until the day when we shall worship with them,
Entranced amid the splendours of the Sky.

Teach them to love us now, with heavenly fulness,
To pray for us who in this desert roam,
Oh! send them to the threshold to receive us,
When we too go to dwell with Thee at Home.

And shall we see each radiant face reflecting
The light that to Incarnate Love belongs?
And we shall know those voices e'en though blended,
With thousand times ten thousand Angel-songs.

But oh! not now; yet, yet awhile we linger,
Till weaned from life's uncured idolatry,
Till with unfaltering truth our hearts can whisper,
"Whom have we Lord in all that Heaven but Thee."

ALPHA.

BE Thou my Alpha! other Lords than Thee
Erewhile have ruled this sinful soul of mine,
But now I wholly turn to Thee and say,
Lord, I am Thine.

Thou *art* my First, O Lord ! my highest choice !
My will has yielded to Thee, and found rest ;
By many a token sure Thou teachest me,
 I love Thee best.

When evening clouds hang clustering round the Sun,
And sad sweet memories make my heart their prey,
It swells again exultant at the thought
 Of that great Day,

When Thou wilt come, with clouds that shall have
 caught
New and surpassing glories from Thy Light ;
The Light that then shall rise for evermore,
 Nor sink in Night.

And Music in its mystery and power,
That erewhile would have steeped my heart in tears,
Now breathes a promise through its aching depths,
 Of those bright years,

That are at Thy right Hand in Joy's own Home,
Where the Eternal Anthem never dies,
But ebbs and flows where Music's hidden spring
 In Glory lies.

All Nature that before seemed one deep dream
Of Beauty steeped in Sorrow, now doth ring
With earnest voices of expectant joy,
That call their King.

O! wounded but undying Love! we feel
Thy veiled Presence is amongst us here :
Unto the longing eyes that seek Thee now,
Shine out more clear :

Rule me my Lord ! that love may be confirmed
By glad obedience, and by service due ;
Let me be pliant underneath Thy Hand,
Meek, docile, true.

ALPHA AND OMEGA.

ALPHA and Omega !
Be Thou my First and Last :
The Source whence I descend,
The Joy to which I tend,
When Earth is past.

Open my waking eyes,
And fill them with Thy Light ;
 For Thee each plan begun,
 In Thee each duty done,
Close them at night.

Enfold me when asleep,
Let soft dew's from above
 Refresh the long day's toil,
 Wash off the worldly soil,
And strengthen Love.

Men speak of Four Last Things ;
Death, and the Judgment Hall,
 Hell, and the Heaven so fair :
 But Thou O ! Lord art there,
Beyond them all.

There is no " last " with Thee,
But only our last Sins,
 Last Sorrows, and last Tears,
 Last Sicknesses, last Fears,
Then Joy begins :

Joy without bound or end,
Concentric circles bright,
 Spreading from round Thy Throne,
 Flowing from Thee alone,
O Love ! O Light !

Lay Thy right Hand of Power
In blessings on my brow ;
 Heaven's Keys are in Thy Hand,
 Its Portals open stand,
I fear not now.

Lead Thou me gently in,
Thou who through Death hast past ;
 Then bring me to Thy Throne,
 For Thee I seek alone,
My First, and Last.



THE FOLLOWING VERSES WERE WRITTEN FOR THE POOR ;

THEY ARE ADDED HERE

AT THE

SPECIAL REQUEST OF A FRIEND.



MEMORIALS.

THIS life is but a school-time,
In which we learn to love
The Friends we see around us,
The Unseen God above.

Some learn by active service,
Others in Grief and Pain ;
Some seem to reap in gladness,
The rest to toil in vain.

The great thing is to study
To seek our Lord in all :
His great Love to remember,
Whatever may befall.

We know the blessèd story
Of how He came to save,
And lived as Man amongst us,
From childhood to the grave.

And Earth has now her tokens,
 That He has touched with light;
 Memorials of His kindness
 Are ever in our sight.

The Pillows^a that we rest on,
 The Hairs^b upon our head,
 The Bason^c of clear water,
 The Towel^d fair outspread :

Our raiment of White Linen,^e
 The Well^f beside the way,
 Our Basket^g and our Money,^h
 Our Childrenⁱ at their play :

The little Sparrows^j feeding,
 The Wind^k that strews the grain,
 The Shepherd^l gently leading
 His lambs along the lane :

^a St. Mark iv. 38.

^c St. John xiii. 4, 5.

^e St. Luke xxiii. 53.

^g St. John vi. 13.

ⁱ St. Matt. ii. 11. & xviii. 2.

^k St. John iii. 8.

^b St. Matt. x. 30.

^d Ibid.

^f St. John iv. 6

^h St. John xx. 24.

^j St. Matt. x. 29.

^l St. John x. 14-

The patient Ass^a at labour,
The Cattle in the stall,^b
The Cock^c at morning crowing
The Dove's^d voice at nightfall :

The gleaming of the Fire^e
Whose warmth is round us spread,
The broiled Fish^f and the Honey,^g
The little Loaves of Bread :^h

The Boatsⁱ upon the water,
The Fishers^j on the shore,—
These things remind us of Him,
These, and a hundred more.

And Stars^k are all the dearer,
For that one wanderer bright
That shone of old at Bethlehem,
Upon the Wise Men's sight.

a St. Matt. xxi. 2.

b St. Luke ii. 7.

c St. Luke xxii. 60, 61.

d St. John ii. 16.

e St. John xxi. 9.

f St. Luke xxiv. 42.

g St. Luke xxiv. 42.

h St. John vi. 11.

i St. Matt. xiv. 32.

j St. Luke v. 2.

k St. Matt. ii. 9, 10.

The jewelled lights of Sunset,^a
 The glory of the Dawn,^b
 The snowy Clouds^c of Heaven,
 The Flowers^d upon the Lawn :

The wild Sea's^e tossing splendour
 Of green and crested waves,
 The firmly planted Mountain,^f
 Its silent rocky Caves : ^g

The voice of Sighs and Weeping,^h
 The Bierⁱ where lies the Dead,—
 These speak to us of Jesus,
 Of words that He has said.

And pain and weakness make Him
 Nearer and dearer seem,
 Till Life becomes a story
 Of which He is the theme.

^a St. Matt. xvi. 2.

^b St. John xxi. 4, and Rev. xxii. 16.

^c Acts, i. 9.

^d St. Luke xii. 27.

^e St. Mark vi. 48.

^f St. Luke vi. 12.

^g St. Mark xv. 46.

^h St. Mark vii. 34, & St. John xi. 35.

ⁱ St. Luke vii. 14.

When Nurses^a gently tend us,
When Friends hold out their hands,^b
When kind Physicians^c cheer us,
Or Priest with Chalice^d stands :

In each we may discover
The likeness of our Lord,
Who soothes our bed of sickness,
According to His word.^e

Oh ! then in Joy or Sorrow,
Whatever may befall,
Let us our Lord remember,
And see His Love in all.

^a St Mark i. 31.

^b St. Mark viii. 23.

^c St. Matt. viii. 16, 17.

^d St. Matt. xxvi. 27.

^e Psalms xli 3

TWILIGHT.

The Day is dying fast away
Beneath the clouds of vapour gray,
And the bleak wind and driving rain
Rattle against the window pane,
And uncouth shadows rise and fall,
Thrown by the fire-light on the wall,
While my thoughts wander to and fro,
Among the Twilights long ago.

That pleasant pause, too dark for sight,
Too soon to have the candle light :
The children safely laid in bed,
Soft quiet in the small Home-stead,
Only the kettle's fire-side song,
Or murmurs from the outward throng,
As quietly I used to wait,
And watch the sparks fall from the grate.

The footsteps passed along the street
Until those came I sprang to meet :
Then the strong arm was round my waist,
And loving words my spirit braced ;

As we talked over all the day
My weariness soon fled away,—
Oh! tears keep back, you shall not swell:
'Twas God who took him—all is well.

A little longer—I shall feel
That arm once more around me steal,
And hold me in a long embrace,
Where sin and sorrow have no place:
There God who gave Him to be mine
Shall fill us full of Life Divine,
And of His Pleasures, from their River,
Our souls shall drink, and drink for Ever!

A little longer, trembling heart,—
Let Earth and Earthly joys depart;
A few more days revolving slow,
Let a few Twilights come and go,
Till life's appointed course is run,
And Grace its mighty work has done;
Then O! my Saviour! let me be,
At Home in Heaven, at Home with Thee!



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